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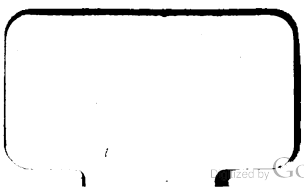
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THE WORLD'S PROGRESS

AND OTHER POEMS.

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THE

WORLD'S PROGRESS,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

J. B. GREENE.

WORCESTER, MASS:
PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.
1856.

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PREFACE.

—

"Fools rush in, where Angels fear to tread."

In presenting this volume before the public, we expect as a matter of course, that the question will arise with those few with whom it may come in contact, (as the case should be with all other works,) what are its aims and objects, its merits or demerits? Of these, we have no remarks to make. It is our purpose, merely to relate some of the circumstances under which it was written, leaving the rest for the reader to determine. In writing, we could hardly claim to be impressed with purer motives than those which prompt others to write. That which prompts persons to write is usually the same which prompts them to do almost any thing else, whatever may be the other claims. Some write for money, some for fame, others, perhaps, because they feel an irresistible impulse so to do, while there may be a few who write from purest motives, that they may do a real good; but most, are probably influenced by all of these combined, and we claim not to be an exception to the general rule. We will briefly state, what will appear evident, that our

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experience in literary composition is limited, and a large portion of the present work was written when employed as a mechanic. We will here say one word in reference to our life, as the preface is the place if the author feels disposed to egotise. From mere boyhood up to our seventeenth year, our time was mostly spent in the various cotton manufactories. From that, we were engaged in a business which gave us some knowledge of a seafaring life. From that, to positions where it required more mental exertion to get along. And although we would not claim to be of mature experience, we are fully aware that there are stern realities to be met with in every sphere of life, by those who make an effort, the result of which is to continue or perpetuate that which tends to civilization in the common acceptation of the term.

It was on the reflection of the different phases of life, that we have come in connection with, which probably prompted us to write the principal poem of this work; and whatever others may think in reference to our drawing rather largely on the imagination, we feel that the business community act on a principle that will warrant us in quoting the following lines, with which we close:

"When first the truth on earth was born,
It crept into a hunter's horn,
The huntsman came, the horn was blown,
And truth, since then, has not been known."

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THE

WORLD'S PROGRESS, AND OTHER POEMS.

THE STORM.

A storm portends upon the sea,
  May we survive the gale?
A chart we've none, our compass broke,
  Our barque seems weak and frail.

The helmsman would refuse his task,
  The watch is drenched with spray,
The halyards whip against the mast,
  We onward wend our way.

Had plain experience been our guide,
  A beacon on the shoal,
We'd found the harbor with more ease,
  And reached our destined goal.

No expeditions are sent out
  To guide us on the way,
Life's but a sea, where shoals abound,
  Each makes his own survey.

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If we succeed to gain the port,
Then bravo 'll be the shout,
If we are wrecked on life's rough sea,
'Why did you venture out.'

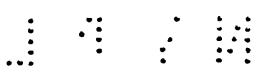
The disconcerting we'll not heed,
The bravo's shout let's scorn,
But carry every sail she'll bear,
And let our barque glide on.

Heed not the folly of the world,
We onward wend our way,
Life from activity of thought,
Our conscience we obey.

THE BEACON.

We see the light upon the coast,
Whereon we strand,
As tossing on this sea of life
We near the land.

With trustful watch and pilot too,
She plows the foam,
With every sail close to the wind,
And sheeted home.



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Once vague the why the cause of wreck,
When homeward bound,
And oft the cry, and low the shriek,
That mournful sound,

That tells the tale that we had erred,
Nor steered aright,
Such grieves the heart by hopes deferred—
That demon light.

Though oft we viewed our chart, to see
The course she run,
With watchful eye, at prow or lee,
The shoal to shun.

Though staunch the barque that bears us on,
She feels the blast;
But may we keep our armor on,
Until the last.

If from the shore no lights illume,
When storms abate,
We now can keep her onward course,
Mere by her wake.

Though life may seem is on the wane,
Be hopeful still,

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And labor on our ends to gain,
And ends fulfill.

That we have gained the harbor safe,
And fought the fight,
Not daunted by the time or place,
Nor shades of night.

But ends in view, all sail kept set,
And trimmed to fill,
We shun each shoal unaptly met,
Though wanders *will*.

This is the light that leads us on
The rock bound shore,
We know its beams, and those will shun
Forevermore.

Or leading in ambition's train,
From Satan's call,
We oft o'erleap our highest aim,
And prostrate fall.

Why not before we see this light
We can't divine,
Ah, life is not what first may seem,
Till its decline.

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Then tell this tale to thoughtless man,
Who seeks no why
Nor wherefore, yet by effort can
Each cause descry.

Though not in haste for thine own sake,
To build a name,
The common course that mortals take,
For earthly fame.

For this is low ambition's call,
We know its light,
It leads us up, to lower fall,
Uncertain flight.

Our barque we see must mind her helm,
Or strike the shoal,
Then let us fill a higher realm,
And reach the goal.

For proud the day if we survive,
Be hopeful still,
And say, when vain the heart would grieve,
O peace, be still.

In striving in this race of life,
Let our delight,

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To shun all vain and earthly strife,
And keep the right.

These are the words our Saviour saith,
Well taught before,
Fail not to act, though plighted faith
Would grieve thee sore.

Choose well the ground on which to build,
And that sustain,
In death may ends be all fulfilled,
We wished to gain.

In hastening to the golden goal,
When foes assail,
Then let our former conduct prove
A coat of mail.

For life at most is but a day,
A tale that's told,
Nor checked by Satan on the way,
Nor bought for gold.

ON FASHION.

How wise the man that shuns the snares,
The winning smile that fashion wears,

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Still knows its snares and shuns its wiles,
Nor don at once the latest styles,
Of minds of lower order.

Nor duty shuns by sense of pride,
But keeps the right whate'er betide,
Nor seek the joys its votaries find,
That serves to feed the vacant mind,
Of those who follow fashion.

But shun its calls, and pleas desist,
Nor seem no idle votarist,
But knows the right, and dare pursue,
What other actions may ensue,
From those who follow fashion.

Though fashion's not confined to dress,
Nor mere externals we possess,
For some have modes of thinking,
Though not peculiar to the mind,
Of those in genteel life we find,
Yet all may seem to differ.

Since few are great, some must be less,
And these defined by means of dress,
The common thought prevailing;
Of those who creep, or sightless soar,

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Though scarce are human, would be more,
Have trifling thoughts in common.

Although they glitter in brocade,
May seem for better use were made—
Some latent thought possessing,
We find though late are human still,
A cunning art, they practice well,
And gain respect of many.

Which serves to hide the mind's defects,
But all the piercing eye detects,
That they have faults in common;
And show to some undue respect,
And treat the low with gross neglect,
This grieves the heart by thinking.

Unmindful of their duty here,
That all must fill a certain sphere,
Enjoy and be respected;
And one and all, to live a man,
And each to do the best he can,
And strive for something noble.

Learn—men, whate'er their station be,
The low or mediocrity,
Must justly be applauded,

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If they would strive their ends to gain,
And labor on, whate'er the pain,
And make an honest effort.

Let those who hear to fashion's call,
The high or low, or great or small,
May learn a lesson, one and all,
That well may pay the teaching.

That those contend with pride in dress,
Though ranking high, must still be less,
If they contend with fashion;
Though battle proud, tis all in vain,
And none engaged but that were slain,
And seemed unevenhanded.

Each—learn the course of wisdom's ways,
And shun the arts that vice displays,
And learn that all are human,
Mark well the course that you should shun,
Keep to the right, the goal is won,
Then you can die contented.

GOOD ADVICE.

In trading in the busy mart,
Two points consider well,

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What you really want to buy,
Or what one has to sell.

When one a liberal offer makes,
To him the bargain hold,
But mind, just ere the change is passed,
It's not yourself that's sold.

For mind possessed as merchandize,
Is cumbersome indeed,
Then be discreet, and not get sold,
Let one and all take heed.

THE YOUNG LAWYER'S SOLILOQUY.

Another lesson has been learned,
Perchance we may review it,
But let the case be what it may,
Tis well, if we stick to it.

We thought if we were frank and plain,
And just and open hearted,
And reasoned out the case as t'were,
And ne'er from it departed,—

T'would be success on every side,
Though verdant so to view it,

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It little matters what we state,
Providing we stick to it.

We acted well a noble part,
If we in faith pursued it,
Though found it not a monied end,
How closely we pursued to it.

For on "fools pence" we lawyers live,
And scheming to deceive,
The greater fools of men we make,
The better we can live.

THE RANK OF MAN.

How varied the rank of man,
When all his acts we view;
Like the rank of some ancient clan,
When out on a first review.
Some in black, and some in blue,
Some in white, but those are few,
Some are short, and seem well trimmed,
Others are gaunt and long of limb,
But few know what to do.

Few will strive their ends to gain,
Others will sit, and then complain;

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Most could know if they but try,
Those to boast, and these to sigh,
Some in green, and some in brown,
Both of high and low renown,
Short or long, or in good trim,
Some would finish, where others begin,
But few know where to end.

And many a sub in a varied train,
And under-sub, and divided again.
Of all the arts that we possess,
Reduced so low, could scarce be less.
Black or white, yellow or green,
Shades so fine there's none between.
Moving along with the times so fast,
Age comes creeping on at last.
We bid a last farewell.

Living to live, and not let live,
Giving, that we from others receive,
Sin or sorrow, grief or fear,
Lend to borrow from friends most near.
Black or white nevertheless,
Those the tactics we possess,
Gems of earth that we most aprize,
Those have not we most despise,
Lest they our crimes relate.

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Many 's the art we cover with shame,
And pulse at heart, as we fear the blame,
Though stern the heart, it will ever bring,
And leave on the mind a lasting sting.
Black or white, our color may be,
Sent from heaven a just decree,
To check the heart in its froward way,
For men at times their friends betray,
This stands the tale to tell.

Could we live the life that shadows before,
Few would be less—but some would be more,
Though life is varied, by heaven decreed,
For others' joys our heart must bleed,
The end is hid from view.
Joys or sorrows our common lot,
While these at hand, those are forgot,
We make our apt complaint.

Nor cease this work till life shall end,
Our common foe, our subtle friend,
We tell our faults, we've told before,
To have them less, we make them more,
For scandal's tongue will move.

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THE HUSBAND'S LAMENT.

My theme has changed
Since last we met,
I would my end pursue,
But here I am, a married man,
And don't know what to do.

My wife looks sad,
My children fret,
I would commence anew,
But here I am, and can't get back,
And don't know what to do.

The scene—how changed—
Since last we met,
With prospects fair to view,
The table's turned with me since then
Kind friend, what can we do.

I once proposed—to change my lot,
Another course pursue,
She darn and knit,
I saw and split,
And pay all bills—when due.

But then she said,
You promised me,

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Now Edwin, this is true—
If I would be your dearie,
That I'd nothing else to do.

I promised—that I will admit,
That promise now holds true,
Although it often makes me sigh,
I don't know what to do.

My heart grows sick,
From hopes deferred—
My bills are coming due,
And here I am, without a cent,
And don't know what to do.

IMPROMPTU TO ACTION.

Life's but a moment, years are fleeting
  Oft the light and shades do change,
As we pass from the dark, the light seems lighter,
  Man can ne'er his lot exchange.

We feel the need of a trusting Father,
  The cares of life a living source,
And when the cares of the mind seem a burden,
  Help sustain us on our course.

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For oft the ties of earth must sever,
Nurtured bands of filial love,
Then hope for peace, and joy forever,
When we shall pass to realms above.

May God sustain and guide us ever,
When cast down by earthly fear,
And joy and hope dark clouds dissever,
Trusting faith—insure good cheer.

To youthful hearts give an earnest warning,
They to real life must pass,
With due discretion, keep them learning,
Ever hoping, till the last.

And may our life as it draws to a closing,
Find all duties well performed,
And until death, as ever be a doing,
The task that seemed to us belonged.

May hope and peace and joy forever,
Reign triumphant in our breast,
And grief and fear dispel forever,
Till earth above our forms shall rest.

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LINES TO MOTHER.

Mother, thy task is hard, we see,
  Thy leisure hours are brief,
Must thee thus toil incessantly,
  And ne'er find no relief?

The way's been long o'er which thee's past,
  It seems a circle round;
Is there *no end*, *no* wicket near,
  Or by some strong hedge bound?

Thy task is hard, we plain can see,
  Thy cares, we know full well,
Could they but vanish with a word,
  We soon would toll their knell.

And as the oak by ivy twined,
  Thee's stood the storm as well,
The trying hours that thou hast seen,
  No heart but thine can tell.

Hence, on the page of history,
  Thy name should be enrolled,

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Thou'st acted well a noble part,
To most, as yet, untold.

And those fond hopes, of younger days,
It seems they now have fled,
The ideal goal of life's young heart,
The arrow by has sped.

Thou must had hope, to thus endured,
'Twould seem a hope forlorn,
Still, not a murmur from thy lips,
But ever toiling on.

Are we destined to thus toil on,
While there one hope remain,
Whene'er we fail to gain a point,
Cheer up and try again ?

Incessant labor well applied,
We must some change detect,
If we're but patient and discreet,
For all cause has effect.

Trouble thou'st seen in every form,
Children thou'st lost most dear,

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Parents and kindred, too, are gone,
Than those, none are more near.

Its well been said, that Ruth of old,
Did all her kindred leave,
A mother's and a father's love,
And to her husband cleave.

Thy mother's love for thee was short,
Her care for thee was brief,
Young thou wast left, an orphan child,
No kind friends brought relief.

That trite remark, may thee console,
That "roads without a turn are long,"
Exceptions to the rule,
The truth we have to learn.

If prattling sounds of childlike mirth,
And mother's cares and grief,
Would serve to make the moments pass,
Thy journey 'd been more brief.

Be of good cheer, and ne'er unnerved,
With potent things contend,

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If matter and mind, are well combined,
This ceaseless toil shall end.

The reapers after whom thee's gleaned,
Seem had no master near,
That 'mongst the sheaves of golden grain,
They oft let fall an ear.

The fields o'er which thee gleaned, it seems,
But sheaves were left for thee,
If man o'erlooks such patient toil,
Omnipotence may see,

And thee reward for worthy acts,
And crown thy final years,
With hopes fulfilled that seemed deferred,
And thee reward for fears,

That's entertained for little ones,
Entrusted to thy care,
E'er prompting them to be upright,
In dealing every where.

Hope on, kind mother, still hope on,
Thus writes a son, a friend,

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If matter and mind are well combined,
This ceaseless toil shall end.

FOUND WANTING.

Weighed in the human scale,
With divers weights, though small,
And found deficient;
How many 're the watchful eyes,
That fain would grasp the prize,
Ere scarce the balance turns,
Thus taken by surprise.

Weighed—and found wanting,
Placed in the human scale,
Without a notice given,
We 're offered soon for sale,
To one that gives, that's suited to our taste,
And one whose cravings doth support the still
We 're forced to toil to gratify his will.

Weighed, and found wanting,
By close inspection sealed,
We 're soon in the market;

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The truth is not revealed,
The fact to us, remains untold,
Until we 're weighed, well packed,
And sold.

THE HUMBLE COT.

How chanced it that I loved thee,
  But higher power can tell,
And none to prize above thee,
  Nor yet loved half so well;

Until that tie was broken,
  And drew that magic spell,
Until those words were spoken,
  Thought we loved thee half so well.

Because thy board was scanty,
  Nor wealth, nor pomp was there,
An humble cot now vacant,
  Thought we not of dwellers there;

Ah, an honest heart approves me,
  That we loved where wealth was not,

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God bless and cheer forever,
  Those that fill the humble cot.

May wealth and love of station,
  Ne'er cast its earthly pall,
Since the humble cot is vacant,
  May we live to act for all.

TO THE STOIC.

Proud stoic, cease to boast,
  Whence came thy strength and pride,
Why formed thy barque so staunch,
  To float upon the tide.

Was not our barque as staunch,
  As fit for sea as thine,
Had we not felt the storm,
  In all its forms combined.

Proud was the day she launched,
  That we her strength might test,
She foundered on a rock,
  Was lost—among the rest.

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On this broad sea of life,
There should some one survey,
That we when storms portend,
Their stationed lights descry.

Did'st thou not see some light,
Or wreck upon the shore,
Some noble ship go down,
And sink to rise no more.

Then think of those that weep,
And those that are no more,
Thee steered thy course along,
By rocks upon the shore.

How couldst thou felt the blast,
And speak with such an air,
A storm that strikes the soul,
Will leave its traces there.

Then, stoic, cease to boast,
When winds go howling past,
And help those forms that shrink
Beneath the howling blast.

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CLOSE OF THE TERM.

The crisis comes, the time draws near
  Ne'er formed a nobler band.
Ere two short weeks shall pass away,
  We are broadcast o'er the land.
One common end we had in view,
  Most may that end fulfill.
Others think life's great duties done,
  They 've passed the classic mill.

Others there are, the common phrase,
  They cannot be defined.
They have no common end in view,
  But hold a vacant mind.
As likes thee best, each one define,
  Divide the clasic lore.
But ere just views of self *you* get
  You 'll have to study more.

Of "classic lore," we have not gained,
  Though other ends in view.
It 's been at times a stormy path.
  The course that we pursue,

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Quite tired of life and city din,
Where rolls life's varied tide,
We sought the haunts of humbler men,
Naught had its charms beside.

We 've breathed the pure and mountain air,
And now return again,
And there contend with real life,
And deal with scheming men.
Your smiles at times we fain would had,
When all was dark beside,
But all withheld their healing balm,
"Passed on the other side."

Friends, me pardon, we forgive
Whatever faults may be.
Success to all, we wish you well
On life's eventful sea.
Learn this great truth, remember well,
"All glitters is not gold,"
And ne'er mistake by outward form,
One's ends and aims untold.

Our highest aims, none can no more
Than do the will of *Him*.

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We 've seen the end of earth's great aims,
'Tis sorrow, death and sin,
Ne'er set your mark to things on earth,
To higher realms we soar.
Still never think of earth the less,
But think of heaven the more.

THE QUERY.

We 've dwelt in town and city,
With men of sterling worth,
To me it seems a query,
Which are of highest birth.

Not one seems here contented,
Men of high or low degree,
All, fortune seems to favor
But alas! poor luckless me.

Now this is really folly,
A different course we 'd name.
Keep constantly in motion,
Try all and do the same.

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Ne'er plan too much for pleasure,
But with active thoughts and clear,
You will carry every measure,
All strife will disappear.

For men are mental engines,
Composed of mother earth,
Passion being the motive power,
That gives to each a birth.

For "dust thou art," or soon shall be,
To dust thou shalt return,
Would nature's mirror clear to all,
That we could but discern,

And view ourselves in that true light,
Without that veil before us.
And banish forever that misty cloud,
That does at times hang o'er us.

A query this may seem to some,
Whose thoughts from ours differ,
We scribble this, to stay the thought,
Lest it depart forever.

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WHY NOT.

Say, why not be contented,
  Pleased with that we 've got,
Why every nerve exerted,
  Striving for that we 've not?—

Toiling late at midnight,
  With the taper burning dim,
Lading deep with knowledge,
  Wisdom's port to gain.

'Tis thoughts of men preceded,
  Now have gone to rest,
Set us the example,
  Every moment pressed.

And to requite the favor,
  Must every moment toil,
Plan and fight our battles,
  Let others share the spoil.

He that toils incessant,
  Cheerful day by day,

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Has truer claims to honor,
Than those that thousands slay.

Then cease to spend thy moments,
In joy of trivial worth,
Some latent thoughts develope,
Reflect and give them birth.

The prospects of another,
Why thus forever blight,
When constant thought and action,
Will promise future light.

Has fortune failed to favor,
Ne'er pine at thy hard fate,
Nor seek some child of fortune,
Thy sorrows to relate.

But up and let's be thinking,
Yes, strive what we can do,
Let those contend with folly,
We 've nobler ends in view.

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EXPERIENCE.

Long time, we sought in vain—
With an open heart to ken,
A mind as free to judge
The ways of wily men.

My life's a blank as yet to me,
May there be light that I may see,
When he a favor grants to you,
He's not some other end in view.

Thus plain experience teaches me
That mortals all are so—
May that plain teaching ne'er depart
While we remain below.

And to impress it on my mind
We labored long in vain.
There's harder still we think to learn
In nature's store-house lain.

That hearty shake of men, on change,
Of hands whene'er they meet,

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That graceful bow, that smile assumed,
Alas, what gross deceit.

Such self-sufficient ones we find
With other selfishness.
Could they discern their highest aim,
Their utter uselessness.

A passing dream it seemed to us
When first it came to view—
A day dream 'twere, it's now fulfilled,
We found it but too true.

Experience—yes thy teaching's hard
Though plain and well to know,
And not confined to courtly halls
Where silks and satins glow.

Nor close confined where fortune smiles,
Where fashion oft adorns;
Thy pupils are the sons of toil,
Dame nature's noblest born.

Fashion and will have taught and ruled,
If history's page is true,
The king of tyrants' fondly served,

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Ever devising something new.
To suit the mind of shiftless man,
Who courts thee much, though ill-deserved.

Shall we too fondly bow,
Or toll the rare chimed bell,
All haste at learning
Of the death knell,
And rare defeat of fashion.

Experience says, be staunch
And ne'er relent to her broad sway—
A point well gained is well,
If we are well skilled,
We'll soon have others, on which to build,
Thus, constantly progressing.

If we can not her light discern,
Are indiscreet, nor apt to learn,
There's little hope for progress then,
Whate'er may be her teaching.

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THEY DEEM US ODD.

When o'er terra's face we roam
Some pleasant morn in June,
To view the works of Flora's art,
And breathe her sweet perfume—

They deem us odd for such an act,
Shall we the charge deny,
And share our fate with common sense,
And all their talk defy?

Or shall we meekly to them bow,
Where meaner men have stood?
While thus by force we're made to act,
They deem it doing good.

They deem us odd, perchance 't may be—
How quick the mass to learn,
And seek the faults of other men,
Their own they'll not discern.

The day soon flies, another comes—
By some 'tis blue, 'tis said,

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Who freely quaff of cakes and pies,
And spend their time in bed.

While we partake of open air,
A gift profuse of God,
All objects bear their primary hue,
We love to be so odd.

And one consoling thought we have,
If there but one remain,—
That if a single unit's odd,
Ninety-nine's the same.

THE TRULY BRAVE.

Who judgeth right, when injured fates decree,
Who shuns their fate when nature's laws reviled,
Who ponders well to know the better part,
And cleaves to truth when interest is at stake,
And shuns false pride, and walks where duty guides,

These are earth's brave, and ever gallant sons,
These are the true, that will the right sustain,
Oft told in rhyme, and harped upon the lyre,

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The pride of heaven so fair, but yet unknown,
Know right and wrong, and still the right maintain.

Or in strange lands, nor friends, but duty calls,
Upon thy strength, that thou hadst gained before,
Thy aid and comfort in the time of need,
Unchecked, undaunted, onward as before,
An humble tone, but still thy end in view.

Nor haste, nor rest, but to that final end,
Nor stop to dream of what has passed before,
By forecast checked, when present duty calls,
Nor heed the throng that heed thee not again,
Thy march unchecked, but onward as before.

Or life, or death, a martyr's grave to fill,
Strive hard for truth, with potent things contend.
When duty prompts a self-possessing air,
Which keeps at bay, the most prevailing sin,
And seems "the strong man armed."

And at one glance know virtue's lurid light,
At times though dark, upon the coast of life,
And made to feel when dark'ning clouds portend,

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That just probation is the lot of all,
Or high or low, whate'er their station be.

Perfection's bane as wiser men before,
And all seem vain that we so close pursue,
Besides that hope for better things above,
Which prompts the soul to take an active part,
Perceive the right, and still the right pursue.

How vague the thought, as each their end pursue,
That life is but dame nature's gala day,
And still pervades the varied rank of man,
And he the means for which that end to gain,
Though often finds the "pleasure end in pain."

Though fortune smiles, it's but a day indeed,
The day will come, our flattered hopes dispel,
And find though late, that we must all repine,
Some ere their time the real light discern,
Tho' ne'er is shunned how long we would delay.

If truth has fled our watchful eye at last,
And finds us groping in the dark again,
It's like the sun as oft by clouds obscured,
Watch where it sets, and find its course again.

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Each act a means to serve some better end,
With strength of purpose to that end aspire,
Sustain the charge, and oft repeated blows,
To lay thee low, and humble in the dust,
Though stern reviled, revile them not again.

Nor angry frown, nor sullen looks betray,
That duty swerves her checkered course to run;
Still frown at sin, though she her smile assumes,
To win the heart, to prey upon the soul,
And as before, to check thy onward course.

At last, not least, forget, forgive again,
The common error we in life possess,
Or high or low, all ranks of men partake,
And feel the want of a supernal power,
That justice, mercy, we to others show.

Such are the brave, though not by man admired,
Nor known on earth amid the varied throng,
But still true courage is embodied here,
And their reward in higher realms above,
And amply paid for just probation here.

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LINES ON THE DEATH OF MRS. LUCY BALDWIN.

How rare in life that hoping youth,
Draw well their plan of life,
Give the right hue, blend light and shade,
That fade not in the strife.

As fleeting dawn first paints the scene,
And gives its wonted hue,
Then real life, or livid death,
Will soon or late ensue.

That hope that springs at life's fair morn,
And throbs in every breast,
Does e'er present its darkest side,
Before the soul can rest.

So with this form, the lamp of life
Illumed the scene around,
Yet scarce illumed, e'er cast in gloom,
Dark, silent, and profound.

Earth lost its charms, youth's fairest scenes,
Have changed their former hue,

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In midst of life, the hand of death
Falls freely as the dew.

If prattling sounds of children fair,
Could but been spared to thee,
A mother's wish in part fulfilled,
But ah! that could not be.

Four summers o'er a sprightly boy,
His father's pride, had flown,
While a sweet daughter, younger still,
To thy fond heart had grown.

But death's gloom gathered on the way,
Severed each band of love,
While one is left a wanderer here,
The twain now rest above.

As we pass near the vale of death,
Its shadows cast a gloom,
But heavenly peace shall comfort us,
We trust in God alone.

Kindred and friends, we'd mourn her not,
She dwells in realms of love,

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Hope on, hope ever, whate'er thy lot,
Trust all to God above.

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

Departed one, since thou hast gone,
And left kind friends to mourn,
May their affliction, as thy pain,
With patient hope be borne.

A mother thou hast left to mourn,
A sister left to weep,
A brother too may feel thy loss,
May he their lone hours greet.

A friend thou'st left, if such may be,
His sad loss to deplore,
Who little dreamed the last farewell,
Would be forevermore.

And faintly thought in years gone by,
When all were blithe and gay,
When she in health, a blooming youth,
Now in the ground would lay.

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But life's uncertain, death is sure,
Experience of the past
Proves where death fails to call on youth,
It calls on age at last.

The falling leaves of yonder trees,
She noted one by one,
We little thought ere all had fell,
That she too would be gone.

But nature falters with decay,
The day o'erclouds at noon,
All nature's subject to decay,
The fair bud fails to bloom.

She's gone to rest, her pangs are o'er,
Low in the tomb she's laid,
Sigh not that she were here again,
Her debt to nature 's paid.

That cheerful look, no more can greet
The friends that thou'st left here,
May work assigned be well performed,
As though thy form was here.

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EPITAPH ON A FRIEND.

Its not to thy memory, lost one,
That we this stone erect,
Lest in the cares for earthly gain,
We should thy form forget.

For worthy acts, as yet untold,
Shall ne'er from memory fade,
This is but a formal mark,
To show where thou wert laid.

THE WORLD'S PROGRESS.

For the world is all progressing,
Few can ever deign to hear,
Never stop to ask a blessing,
Nor the orphan's lot to cheer.
Eor the world is all progressing,
Each and all their strength must test,
Stricken down with grief or sorrow,
Soon they mingle with the rest.

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Ever onward, to destruction,
All now wend their devious way,
With earth's pride, not Heaven's discretion,
Nor their conscience they obey,
All the world is fast progressing,
With the current we must go,
Never stop to ask a blessing,
Nor to care for human woe.

With our pride, and joy and pleasure,
With our sorrow, want and fear,
At our toil, or in our leisure,
Can we stop to drop a tear,
Half is false of this progression,
Erring pride must lead the van,
Let this be a useful lesson,
To the mind of erring man.

If some simple-hearted brother,
Though has strength to truth withstand,
Teach him all the snares beset him,
And the way of erring man,
All the world is fast progressing,
Vice or virtue must attend,
Help support a falling brother,
Lean not on an erring friend.

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Learn a lesson from that brother,
All the cause of grief and woe,
Link thy virtue with his wisdom,
Labor to that cause o'erthrow.
All the world is fast progressing,
In the balance cast your might,
Counteract some human folly,
Help sustain a cause that's right.

Give that form an earnest warning,
Launch him out his strength to test,
Watch the crowd with which he mingles,
If he's one among the rest,
All the world is fast progressing,
Vice or virtue must attend,
Some in truth, a few in virtue,
Most in every vice we name.

The young man sighs, give me position,
I will help the world amend,
But alas, through indiscretion,
He must to the same point tend,
For the world is all progressing,
Though his faults, he may discern,
Like a straw upon the waters,
With the current he must run.

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For some little act of folly,
Turns the scales in which we test
Every act of human virtue,
Though we rank among the best,
For the world is all progressing,
Think ye, can a choice sustain?
Not as long as mind and matter,
In this form on earth remain.

Words may tell the course of action,
And the cause that we sustain,
But its acts, and actions only,
Proves the cause that we maintain,
For the world is all progressing,
Ever active in the strife,
Act your part, and act it coolly,
Action is the life of life.

Language, though our speech were given
That we could our wants impart,
Ne'er supplies the wants of nature,
Nor the cravings of the heart,
See the fruits of false progression,
Rising up at every hand,
Words, not deeds, is the profession,
Raging e'er throughout the land.

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We would act, but human weakness
Binds us fast within her chains,
Quite too long we sought perfection.
We have seen perfection's bane,
We find no end to such progression,
Build as high, as thoughts conceive,
Ample room for moving onward,
Then it seems a task to live.

Gods and demons, all commingled,
And to give to each their due,
Is a test for human greatness,
If we would the right pursue,
For the world is all progressing,
Shall we heed the careless throng,
Strive for better ends possessing,
To another class belong.

Lo! the reason why we falter,
Seeking virtue's ends to gain,
And our course of action alter,
We have seen perfection's bane.
For the world is all progressing,
In an age of steam we live,
We oft o'erlooked our best of blessings,
Then it leaves the heart to grieve.

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'Tell me not the course of action,
Youth may deem the better part,
For the height of earth's perfection,
Is a stern and caloused heart.
For the world is all progressing,
Youthful visions must depart,
The soul may feel its own convictions,
Though its work abideth not.

Some false light, see all pursuing,
All that glitters is not gold,
Ever failing, still pursuing,
Till we practice crimes untold,
For the world is all progressing,
Few can ever deign to hear,
Others cares and woes distressing,
Each has all that he can bear.

Speak of justice, low its emblem,
But for truth we'd lisp it not,
The virgin, with the scales we view them,
Lo! a fulcrum they have not;
All are joined in this progression,
Lawyers, traders, act their part,
Priests and doctors, each profession,
All are joined hand and heart.

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View the beam from which suspended,
Hang the scales upon the dome,
Fixed as virtue good intended,
But we fail to act alone;
For the world is all progressing,
Learn to suffer earthly pains,
Few do know by these possessing,
Strength and courage it obtains.

Clear conception of another's,
Duties that he should pursue,
Working all as band of brothers,
Helping each their course renew;
For the world is all progressing,
Lean the weak upon the strong,
Lest that when our cares are pressing,
Mingle with the eager throng.

With compassion teach the simple,
How they can the right maintain,
And when led from paths of virtue,
That they may the right regain;
For all the world is fast progressing,
Truth or error must depart,
See the cares and woes distressing,
Rising from a caloused heart.

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Naught but error keeps us plodding,
Could we but the right regain,
All assisting, each persisting,
And all striving to restrain;
All engaged in this progression,
Build as high as thoughts conceive,
Priests and doctors, each profession,
No gross motives to deceive.

As we say to one another,
Let us join and build a name,
Dreaming naught that's higher ever,
All is naught but earthly fame;
Babel's tower is now progressing,
Confusion reigns at every hand.
Gross disorder, woes distressing,
All contending through the land.

Spires may pierce the clouds, but never
Can they shed refulgent light,
Nor the light from darkness sever,
Globes may glisten e'er so bright;
Though the world is all progressing,
Like to like must needs be joined,
Outward forms are prepossessing,
Though to error are confined.

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Men, like spires, may tower above us,
Strength and pride from earthly fame,
By love of wealth they may betray us,
Still keep moving on the same,
Heaven knows that such acquirements.
Gain preferment with the throng,
Keep me free from its allurements,
Still to truth we would belong.

Priests divine may teach redemption,
Bards may advocate their claims,
Prosing newsmen claim attention,
General principles remain untouched
By sect or party,
Dreams and fancies still prevail,
Crude pretensions by the many,
Working on to no avail.

Ever doing, still undoing,
Life's a parody of scenes,
Still pursuing, ever thinking,
Ends may justify the means,
Make demands for courts of justice,
Laws for demons, rules for fools,
Lawyers smile that long for practice,
As the schoolman sighs for schools.

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Most would homage pay to virtue,
Would be good, if could be great,
That were ne'er decreed by nature,
Few can bow for virtue's sake;
Learn that love of wealth or station,
Never were with worth combined,
And 't would seem by revelation,
They are but to earth confined.

Point to me a child of fortune,
That is just, and wisely taught,
And that labor 's not a burden,
Setting life's great ends at naught;
Through this life he is progressing,
Scheming skillfully to shun,
Shunning service, his discretion
Seems the course that he must run.

Life without a higher motive,
Death would ever cast a gloom,
Zeal displayed, by virtue passive,
Tends to mistify our doom;
Though we join in such progression,
'Tis alack we lend a hand.
Let's all flee such gross deception,
Spreads disorder through the land.

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Novel scenes may charm the vision,
Love of change, may life impart
To the mind of low decision,
But it fails to teach the heart,
Could we join in this progression,
Precepts of that noble one,
Know the worth of a confession,
To that just and only son.

Could we feel our own conviction,
Oh! for light that we may see,
If worthy of thy acceptation,
Say, *O Lord, forgive thou me,*
As we join in this progression,
Firm, unshaken is the ground,
Through his grace and dispensation,
Shall his grace and works abound.

Learn, the path of life is varied,
If we would ourselves command,
Jaded, careworn, faint and wearied,
Filial duties, cares demand,
Worth, without a pending pension,
Virtue paid is no avail,
Spreads the pennon of dissension,
Vice or virtue will prevail.

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Priests should learn that heavenly graces
Lose their weight among the throng,
When the cares of toil defaces
Virtue, and ceases to shed its light among
Men, that gain their bread by action
Of their head, their hand, their heart,
Thus by toiling, Heaven's perfections,
Grace and virtue must depart.

Know the common thought prevailing,
Priests must live a life of ease,
Careworn, weak by sin assailing,
And struck down by dire disease,
Still 't would seem by viewing nature,
Not a part was made in vain,
Not a fiber, limb, or feature,
But fill their end, to life sustain.

Still we know to lend and borrow,
Is a child of heavenly birth,
And a trusting friend in sorrow
Is the greatest prize on earth;
Yet if all were self-sustaining,
Hope sufficed when virtue fled,
Strength to live without complaining,
Trust in God when friends were dead.

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Priests on earth would fail their mission,
No supply without demand,
Each maintain their own position,
Heeding every just command,
Do to each and one another,
That you 'd have them do to you,
Naught below a friend or brother,
Kind, obliging, ever true.

Give our thanks for kindness rendered,
Truth for truth, and love for love,
Serve for service duly rendered,
Naught on earth to prize above,
Join not the world's progression,
Moving with a jaunting air,
Idle dreamings, false delusions,
Gross contention everywhere.

Though the poor fill avocations,
Still they merit not the less,
Than those that fill a higher station,
And a high estate possess;
Well we know by earth's possessions,
Few can feel another's woe,
Nor can grow in true progression,
Scarce a friendly act bestow.

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Learn this truth, that nature teaches,
Shun extremes, the parent cause
Of most our woe, not but drink as some
beseeches;
But throughout all nature's laws,
Strict in eating, so in drinking,
Right at labor, sweet repose,
Strong of mind, yet too much thinking
Tends to mystify our woes.

Few on earth are free from error,
Teetotalists a share assign,
Converse course may cast a terror,
All may have a good design;
Plastic nature needs reviewing,
Creeds by age become impure,
But by constantly reviewing,
We may moral wealth procure.

Still the mass seem undivided,
What the system would require,
Yet a few who seem decided,
Living up to each desire;
Let us once for all remember,
Settled rules will not apply,
For we differ as we number,
All our works must testify.

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But by precious thoughts conceiving,
We may Heaven's light impart,
Still achieving, still believing,
In a pure and contrite heart;
Free from murmur, ne'er repining,
Murky clouds may cast a gloom,
Not by condiments declining,
Serves to mystify our doom.

The elect would fail their mission,
Mythic tales would cease to charm,
Still a life of just probation,
Siren, but with less alarm,
Each precusor timely viewing,
Thought without its reverie,
Precious light at once renewing,
From the mind's activity.

Study principles and nature,
Trust in God, and self review,
Penal codes and every feature,
Pride and folly disavow;
All may join in common parlance,
Making truth a common theme,
Till it's finished, and assurance,
That all men are what they seem.

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Free from ardent passions never,
Seem a burden to constrain,
Help the cause of virtue ever,
Never deigning to complain;
Though the common thought prevailing,
Acts of virtue must be paid,
Without settled sums for praying,
We will fail to sin upbraid.

Still another moral lesson,
If we would the right possess,
And the fruits of folly lessen,
Light and virtue would possess;
Never join in false progression,
Shunning labor's humble call,
Free me from such low possession,
Pride like this must have a fall.

To a mind of clear conceptions,
Nature seems a harp unstrung,
Airs assumed such low deception,
Outward show, but nothing done;
Should we join in such progression,
Tis alack we take a part,
Deeming all as mere pretension,
Not the promptings of the heart.

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Man's portentions sometimes doubting,
How he can his wealth bestow,
Render service without showing,
What he fain would have them know;
Though it seem but good intended,
Simply deem each motive right,
Yet in all, so poorly blended,
We discern the black from white.

Wealth, if quoted, brings oppression,
Love of power may have its charm,
Live above such low possession,
Moving impulse to alarm;
Neither can we deem a treasure,
Though when strength and courage fail,
One may seem a passing pleasure,
Both may to our woes entail.

Love of wealth may fill our coffers,
Yet it may impart a sting,
Still when slight inducement offers,
Starts the germ of wealth to spring,
Then it sends its spreading branches,
Takes deep root upon the soul,
Ne'er sufficed, but still advancing,
All is withered, shades the whole.

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Like the banyan of the Indies,
Spreading o'er a space of ground,
Sending out its thousand branches,
Withers every herb around;
So with hoarded wealth, e'er blasting,
Victims lie at every hand,
Those who to that goal were hast'ning,
Deeming it the fatherland.

When we live above earth's weakness,
Have its joys without its woes,
Free from gall, can know its sweetness,
Men revile, but still forego;
Then shall fortune's sons be valiant,
Live by love and not by fear,
Love of truth shall make them gallant,
Earth's cold duties bring good cheer.

Toiling ever without hoping,
Present action, future ease,
Temperate eating, moderate drinking,
Not from fear of dire disease;
Such we deem a law of beings,
That live not beyond the grave,
Naught but this and such believing,
Checks them from a willing slave.

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Is it thus—for this embraces
Kings and peasants, priests and clown,
Earth's whole crew, in all its phases,
From the low to high renown;
Those who claim by power supernal,
Seem, are subject to this law,
Heeding not the laws eternal,
Press the golden age they saw.

Know that in the field of duty,
Partial worth is worse than none,
When we work for truth as beauty,
Let it once for all be done;
Though forsaken by the many,
Faithfully your work pursue,
Trusting friends are few if any,
Strength to act, and still renew.

And when nature comes to sever,
Bands that bound us once to earth,
She may find us true as ever,
Not our works compared as dearth;
Cast among the great unfinished,
Of the faithless, late begun,
Small must be, though yet unblemished,
Slow to culture, yet 'tis done.

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Still to battle human error,
Join the action, hand and heart,
Sin will cease to cast a terror,
If we teach, but take a part;
Not produce, but still consuming,
Serves to shade what we illume,
Though we teach it by pursuing,
Precepts will not serve alone.

Learn to keep the spirit moving,
Know to take an active part,
Mingle with the crowd, reproving
Vice, but knowledge to impart;
Learn that all the world is prating,
Most men have a tale to tell,
Learn discretion, so by judging,
Quick discerning, good from ill.

Still prevails a moral darkness,
Learn to bear the shield and cross,
Blighted hopes, by human weakness,
Learn to profit by the loss;
Touch the cord that brings salvation,
All may catch the heavenly strain,
Ne'er sufficed by earth's possessions,
Yet from carnal works abstain.

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Human creeds are ever changing,
Still its ends may be the same,
Gospel truth is firm, unwavering,
Faith in Jesus brings no shame;
Skeptics fail to see its beauties,
Apt to doubt, but dull to know,
Why upon a higher being,
We should acts of grace bestow.

See no need of just probation,
Cause they reason to the effect,
No atonement for salvation,
Nor its beauties can detect;
Seeing no demands in nature,
For a hope beyond the grave,
That may be an earthly pleasure,
Worldly treasure it may save.

Had they aspired to earth's great duties,
All to all, must needs be done,
Had they gazed upon its beauties,
Ne'er is finished, if begun;
Find that mind in its progression,
Has no bounds to guide it here,
Find ere brought to quite perfection,
Opening in another sphere.

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Musing on the sphere's revolving,
Each its place, and proper time,
Matter from a mass dissolving,
Fill our minds with thoughts sublime;
Space we deem beyond our vision,
Nature's workshop, God's the rule,
Find no ground for a decision,
But the error would outrule.

Go, study man, define his nature,
Though 't may be a lasting theme,
View each, and all, in every feature,
Never finding two the same;
Take from out the social circle,
If too much, the whole to view,
Watch the few with which you mingle,
Ever finding something new.

If you find by this pursuing,
Death e'er finished, will ensue,
Limit them, your range reviewing,
Less still acting, still pursue;
If thy task seems then a burden,
As thyself is near at hand,
Know thyself, your heart unladen.
Oft repeated, just command.

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Find that in the heart is latent,
  There is more than flesh can bear,
Though we have a mind as patient,
  Soon we doubt our hearts, and fear;
Mind must needs a source to furnish,
  Fountain of the bread of life,
For the soul will faint and famish,
  E'er it conquers in the strife.

Laws that guide our social being,
  Serve to fix us here to earth,
All is naught when truly seeing,
  All our longing mere as dearth;
Not a social bond defining,
  Nature parting filial love,
But will leave the soul repining,
  Without trust in God above.

Human reason, keen divining,
  Tell on earth how man can live,
Have its woes without repining,
  Trust in all, and not deceive;
These we call the self-sustaining,
  Worthy merit, not apprised,
All caress from men declining,
  Stand alone though still despised.

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In the ebb and flow of spirit,
As we write this hackneyed rhyme,
Any fail to see the merit,
Or the total want of chime;
If the cause that prompts the feeling,
Is not that to be admired,
Then a chill comes o'er me stealing,
Not a hope fulfilled, desired.

Heed we'll not your fond caresses,
Well we know they cast a sting,
Not the words of joy that blesses,
But will grief and sorrow bring;
Though we err in quoting favor,
From the ever changing throng,
Soon we're checked for misdemeanor,
From the sphere which we belong.

Though we err by thinking great men
Are sublime and truly good,
Let me from this error hasten,
Such we deem unwholesome food;
Though tis often pressed upon us,
Both in prose and lofty rhyme,
They 're deluded, and deceive us,
Else tis written for the chime.

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Prose or rhyme tis here disputed,
Though a laurel from their crown,
Tis false, and by the wise refuted,
Though we have your smile or frown;
Lisp it not again, for virtue
Shrinks to hear her cause defiled,
Speaks against our better nature,
And for Satan's ends reviled.

Though we scribble rhyme nor reason,
Truth is bright as was before,
Though the words are out of season,
They 're abiding evermore;
Life or death, or shame or honor,
Wealth or poverty withal,
Give us truth for our armor,
Keep it sacred, rise or fall.

All the light and shades of nature,
Oft we viewed with vision clear,
Sketched the form of every feature,
Field of vision far and near;
Hopes fulfilled, and others blighted,
One of fortune's favored sons,
Then in lower depths benighted,
One of Satan's chosen ones.

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Loss or gain, or frown or favor,
Heed them not that vainly soar,
For earth's wealth, tis light and fading,
Vanity, and nothing more;
Though may prompt the low to action,
As other fame may life impart,
Keeps the sluggish soul in motion,
Cannot discipline the heart.

Well convinced that life's progressive,
Wealth is oft the means to ends,
One of these to self oppressive,
Making monied foes or friends;
Most will help a climbing brother,
Would applaud him to the skies,
Those above him check him rather,
Lest that he above them rise.

After all of these appearing,
Rise or fall, be truthful still,
Firmer 'n ever, still believing,
In acting, doing, all things well;
Else tis Satan's work progressing,
You deduce the good from ill,
Still you doubt it by believing,
That we better ends fulfill.

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Backward in the race we started,
For the goal we saw before,
Often faint and weary hearted,
May we falter nevermore;
Up from depths of degradation,
Cast deluding thoughts aside,
Help support a falling nation,
Stand your post, whate'er betide.

Learn all men—their end and motive,
Hidden impulse of the soul,
Lest your works become abortive,
By one act o'erturn the whole;
Patience is the chiefest treasure,
Ere we could its wealth acquire,
Nature prompts the present pleasure,
Living up to each desire.

For the first, to know the second,
Must be learned the first to prove,
For tis never done by hatred,
All is done by friendly love;
Love that will not, in deciding,
Prompt a partial,—selfish view,
Nor to think that mind's abiding,
Tis ever changing, ever new.

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Get this wisdom at your leisure,
Not a knowledge dearly bought,
Learn that every human feature,
Has a corresponding thought;
That which tells the latent feeling,
That which prompts a smile or tear,
That which tells the heart is bleeding,
That which 's moved by love or fear.

That which prompts the better feeling,
Thoughts to take their upward flight,
That which tells the man's deceiving,
Though he bear his form upright;
Nature tells the tale of horror,
Man his views he would conceal,
Though he join in mirth or sorrow,
Thought will flow, and sin reveal.

Oft we've seen the head reclining,
Most would deem that virtue'd fled,
Not by outward show repining,
As custom says, when friends are dead;
Deeper still, the given impulse,
That had caused the heart to grieve,
Never lived one purer minded,
Never planning to deceive.

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Friends, be cautious, use discretion,
Well you would each thought detect,
Never rashly judging nature,
For two causes, one effect;
One may be from grossest motives,
That he droops and hangs his head,
One may be a worthy action,
And would grieve for friends were dead.

E'er he'd learned to trust another,
One unchanging, ever true,
Not the less of friends or brother,
But more who higher thoughts endue.
Though we would be self-sustaining,
Still we know are human still,
But we cannot help repining,
When so grossly wanders will.

As the chiefest point in nature,
Is thyself to fully know,
Study your intent by feature,
If you can your pride o'erthrow;
Don't be dreaming, letting moments
Fly so swiftly by you past,
Golden moments, but by movements,
Healthy action till the last.

Digitized by Google

Never on the throng depending,
But the signs which plainly show,
That you're inactive, and are plodding,
Keep thy vision clear to know;
For tis by the looks of wise ones,
That have seen and shunned the shoal,
That we get the best of lessons,
Shun the rock and reach the goal.

Well they know whereon they stranded,
Light was dim and failed to show,
And the shore whereon they landed,
Watch on deck, or all below;
Wise men show a frown or favor,
Right or wrong, as we pursue,
Showing when actions savor,
Wrong, we should the right pursue.

This is one the modes of telling,
If we can our course sustain,
If cast down to ends impelling,
We can hope to truth regain;
It depends on many causes,
Whether rocks or sands are cast,
Whether drift, or lulling breezes,
Or are driven by the blast.

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Whether we can save the treasure,
Or is sunk and wholly lost,
Or what was once a yacht for pleasure,
Lies a wreck upon the coast,
If the hull is worth redeeming,
Pay the pains if once reclaimed,
Or merely by a zephyr reeling,
From the blast so badly maimed.

Still, not wholly trust the best men,
They have sordid ends in view,
Nor fully to their counsel listen,
Know the end which they pursue;
Keep thy heart in all its issues,
From it are the germs of life,
Study well his thought in features,
Oft 't will free you from much strife.

Many men have many motives,
And have settled ends to gain,
Most to all would seem abortive,
They'll pursue to others pain;
Thoughtful minds, though fickle nature,
Prompts us to two ends impel,
Both adverse in every feature,
Cannot do the two things well.

Digitized by Google

Keep us fretting, plans conflicting,
Soon it wears upon the soul,
From the one to other shifting,
Gross confusion in the whole;
Time and talent well divided,
Can to any point attain,
Yet uncertain, undecided,
Then we labor on with pain.

For our conscience tells the error,
Though unhidden from our view,
Thus it seems to cast a horror,
Whate'er the object we pursue;
Though 'tis praised as worthy action,
By the frail and thoughtless throng,
There will rise dissatisfaction,
What e'er the class that we belong.

Any thoughts that man may cherish,
Vice or virtue, crude or clear,
Strengthen with his age, or perish,
More impressed, or disappear;
Settle well your course of action,
Means adjusted to the ends,
Never moving with the faction,
Have few mere as monied friends.

Digitized by Google

Plot your ground, and rear your structure,
Keep the line within the base,
Keep it free from every fracture,
Let not cares nor foes deface;
Have your structure well erected,
Viewing every point around,
Ere it's done or quite perfected,
It comes tumbling to the ground.

And beneath its fallen ruins,
All are buried and entombed,
All is done from thoughtless doings,
Former conduct now is mourned,
Ah! how easy in beginning,
We can keep each course erect,
Have it perfect when in ending,
We cannot a flaw detect.

Though we make a simple failure,
Still increasing evermore,
Slightly agitate the waters,
Circles spread from shore to shore;
Under currents often forming,
Soon we have a foaming mass,
If we 'd kept the right pursuing,
Placid as a sea of glass.

Digitized by Google

Why it was decreed by nature,
We have sought, but can't divine,
This great change in every feature,
'Tis a change we can't define;
Else 'tis but to form a contrast,
Man is fond of something new,
Seems like sowing seeds abroad cast,
Though 't may be a partial view.

Thus we mean, to have disorder
To make order in the land,
And perchance they mend the matter,
Sever ties to make a band?
We should but reverse the action,
If we reason cause aright,
Else we follow party faction,
In their low, uncertain flight.

The cause, to me it seems is certain,
Why we should the wrong restrain,
Though we doubt, and often falter,
Seeking virtue's end to gain,
Well we know that the division,
Where begins the right or wrong,
Is a point of nice decision,
With the light and monied throng.

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What! shall check a noble action,
Though 'tis hard to move aright?
No, heed not the changing faction,
Keep your destined goal in sight;
Never swayed by selfish interest,
Lest it be for noble ends,
Keep your mark in view untarnished,
Heed not foes, nor quoted friends.

Those are many, strange their purpose,
Sticklers for some paltry gain,
We cannot define their their mission,
Though they claim the highest aim;
But have not the wise before us
Taught that love of men was self,
Love of country to betray us,
Love of station, love of pelf.

We opine they had the feeling,
Still their object could not gain,
Minds were to that end impelling,
Failed to reach, and then complain,
In the race for wealth or station,
If one cannot keep apace,
We 'll retard the other's motion,
Strive to check him in the race.

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Open to the mass exposing,
Every fault we may discern,
To his party clique disclosing,
Every trick that he may learn;
Watching well the tide of spirit,
Noting well its ebb and flow,
Claiming all should stand on merit,
Not on dress and outward show.

Still his foes disclaim that either,
Raised him to his station there,
But a love for something better,
Each moves in their destined sphere.

And it matters not the effort,
What his other claims may be,
He is fixed, the fates disposing,
Made by Heaven a just decree,
And to meet our approbation,
You must then abide my call,
Watch the signs of my salvation,
Else your flight will have a fall.

Never from the rear advancing,
I will guide and lead the van,
The affairs of state promoting,
All subjected to a man;

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None shall know the latent motion,
I will serve and take the helm,
I'll assign to each their portion,
None shall murmur in the realm.

We'll direct when storms portending,
We will be the all in all,
Check all youth we see ascending,
High is soaring, low shall fall;
For it 'll soon create a feeling,
That will cause much time to quell,
Right or wrong, our act repealing,
They, the spirits that rebel.

This 's the reasoning of the spirits,
That would claim to have the rule,
Whether they live on pride or merit,
Hope or fear, it kills the soul;
For men can't be kept repining,
But will soon be lower still,
Or every act of yours declining,
By a firm and honest will.

Rather be in hades infernal,
Than to bear a tyrant's yoke,
Just respect for laws eternal,
But would tyrants' ends revoke;

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Though it shows a true discretion,
For to well submit your fate,
Men cannot with true submission,
But repine for virtue's sake.

Oft 'tis said, that best of rulers,
Best submit and bear the yoke,
That is not a law of natures,
Time will change, and that revoke,
Every action brings reaction,
What the force may be applied,
Most would fill a higher station,
All their acts are justified.

Where to look for worthy merit,
Without settled ends in view,
Is vexation to the spirit,
'Dark the course that we pursue;
Though their acts are not unworthy,
Yet they make a higher claim,
Claim they make it not a study,
Low their action, high their aim.

It would seem their plans were blighted,
If they take not means to ends,
And their sphere in life was slighted,
In the midst of foes or friends;

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If we battle with the planning,
We must mind the shield they bear,
Like for like, and firmly showing,
Not brought down by words or fear.

"*Fire with fire,*" say nature's great men,
Frown for frown in party strife,
Quell each foe in close succession,
This the art of public life;
Arms with arms, be even handed,
Take the tide that bears thy foe,
One behind, he's sooner landed,
Then 'tis well, that you forego.

Fortune frowns sometimes, and favors,
Though she's not that fickle jade,
There's means to ends by constant action,
Place and wealth is often made;
Oft we find, though constant motion,
Others have our end in view,
To his end he's all devotion.
We must lead or else pursue.

Ah, how rash, to think by taking,
We can hope to keep apace,
When his course by steam is shaping,
In life's fair, uncertain race;

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If he takes the boat that's waiting,
You must take the lightning train,
For success, for naught abating,
To be sure your ends to gain.

Any means accept, he uses
Threat for threat, and frown for frown.
And defy if he abuses,
Else to pass for cowl or clown,
This is but the course of action,
If each would their foe precede,
Or compete with any faction,
For 'tis thus in every creed.

Hence we say we shun the best men,
Moral worth is not apprised,
Nor will to their counsel listen,
Still our acts they will despise;
They seem backward, rather modest,
Most seem froward, ends to gain,
Never mind the means in contest,
They would labor on with pain.

Love of ease, withal inducing
Not to take an active part,
That combined with half believing,
Noble feelings will depart,

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Thus 'twill be, but we've been doubting,
As to joining warm in strife,
Still we trust in ends achieving,
Action is the life of life.

Noble action, sin assailing,
Press the end as monied men,
They undaunted ends achieving,
Some beyond the human ken;
Any man can live a hermit,
Live as pure as man aspire,
But a recluse, where is merit,
No inducement, no desire

To resort to acts of folly,
Passive virtue, nothing more,
Friends nor foes, to check nor rally,
Naught to praise, and naught deplore;
Close communion with his nature,
He can study self at ease,
Analyze each thought and feature,
Keep the mind from dire disease.

Never moving by an impulse,
Given by an eager throng,
Tracing out a given premise,
His conclusion right or wrong;

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Lives of better men have shown us
We must float upon the tide,
Follow then the light before us,
Aim the right, whate'er betide.

Ne'er essay to check its motion,
By a simple impulse given,
You're a drop in life's great ocean,
By the raging storm are driven;
Still reacting as you acted,
Never deigning to do less,
Reach the acme of achievement,
Ultimatum of success.

Think how many days and moments
Have been lost by dreaming o'er
Your condition, rank or station,
It is death to thus deplore:
Still we live, 'twere better dying
Than to have no end in view,
Lest to higher ends aspiring,
Dull the work that we pursue.

Let your action be for country,
Well combined with love of truth,
Ne'er to action, mere for bounty,
As your end will be as dearth;

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Jonson wrote for state, as *Milton*,
Swift was fleet to flaws detect.
Until death, they scorned their action,
Scarce a tribute of respect.

They had ends in view, 'tis certain,
No man lives without an aim,
But it all depends on action,
He will take that end to gain;
Mann in our age of progress,
Who could act a better part?
Ah! not one dispatch in business,
Honest impulse of the heart.

Where's the gift that's been bestown him,
But a sum of paltry gold,
We would hurled it in your faces,
But we would our patience hold;
Thus you see 'tis worth the conning,
Thus it is in every sphere,
This will keep the spirit moving,
Keep us acting while we're here.

Who could take without a motive,
Jumbled papers of a state,
If the end should be abortive,
Obviate each gross mistake;

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Gold's convenient as a treasure,
Few would well the end pursue,
That would be a passing pleasure,
If no other end in view.

Still how soon will interest falter,
When we have our end acquired,
And our course of action alter,
When we gain the end desired;
We bestow on lobby members,
Duties, honors, all our own,
Or some little sonny renders
All our service, we at home.

Longing there for something better,
Still there seems a vacant spot,
Ends achieved that's sins abbetter,
Longing that which we have not,
Is not that, we ask, sufficient
Cause to prove that you abstain
From sordid ends, become proficient,
Ne'er sufficed, whate'er you gain.

Then let be your highest motive,
Serve your God, and him adore,
That will bring true satisfaction,
Sure of this and nothing more;

Digitized by Google

Still keep moving, not secluded,
Lest some fatal act befall,
Action or your minds deluded,
Be thyself, be all in all.

You will gain a point that never
You'll find cause to just regret,
Light from shades it will dissever
Purest motives, no defect;
Ne'er despising, earth's applauded,
More of pity and of shame,
As we feel they are deluded,
Still we keep our course the same.

Wise men differ how to govern,
Having settled ends to gain,
Oft we doubt their course of action,
Oft they labor on with pain;
Never feeling quite contented,
By their moving, restless eye,
Often is their course repented,
Not if men their faults pass by.

Not proscribe for what is needed,
What will take is their desire,
Judging from what has preceded,
This the end that they aspire,

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Watching well the state of feeling,
How the course of mind will run,
Just ahead of all, perceiving
How the state of things will turn.

To succeed and gain preferment
In the future, far to ten,
Most is done by close discernment,
Seeing into hearts of men,
Well, it needs a keen perception,
Well adjusting means to ends,
Each plan working to perfection,
With the aid of party friends.

Friends that merely love for purpose,
Or the ends they have in view,
Pious fraud, how well they serve us,
Clear the course that they pursue;
Or some youthful vision planning,
How they can that end obtain,
How fallacious in pursuing,
Overturn what others gain.

Counteract the work of others,
Rarely working to one end,
Plans conflicting few discover,
Most are working on in vain;

Digitized by Google

Few the points that they establish,
Rendered sure by healthy thought,
But confused the thought they cherish,
And by paltry gold are bought.

Men we thought once would be truer
To the cause which they acclaim,
But deluded by a treasure,
Oft o'erlook their highest aim;
And begin to plan for buncombe,
By this phrase tis not unknown,
Daily intrigue, coming loathsome,
Soon in lurid light is shown.

And the masses catch the watchword,
Hurl the error in their face,
Truth's retarded, falling backward,
Now henceforward checks the race;
But for this we'd keep progressing,
But a partial error thrills
The heart, in moving onward,
As the fatal dew distills.

As the upas, the miasma,
Marks the course its victims run,
Mere commuted in their sentence,
Few the convicts that return,

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The *Dionæa Minsipula*,
Insects sporting in the air,
Light to sip the viscid fluid,
Soon inpaled—though flower so fair.

So with man, if outward lustre
Prompts him take an active part,
As he stoops to reap the harvest,
Thorns there are which sting the heart;
And its venom still inflaming,
Till he vaunts and grieves with pain,
Latent charm he keeps pursuing,
Soon to course in every vein.

What decision, keen perception,
We partake what life sustains,
Life's eternal powers supernal,
Constant action, single aims;
Never proud nor low desponding,
If you cannot lead the van,
Never be inert and longing,
Raise your head and be a man.

Not the place that men assign you,
Strive to find your useful sphere,
So in death you leave behind you,
Show you've been a dweller here;

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Mind the ledger, in selecting,
Certain where you book your name,
Men transpose to suit their liking,
Common phrase, "tis all the same:

Little matters it to most men,
Let us work to suit our end,
Has no ends in view will listen,
But a stranger, not a friend."
Ah! how gross the given impulse,
That which prompts the mind to change,
Whether dwells a fellow mortal,
We will strive to truth estrange.

Mind, don't catch the common error,
Universal it prevails,
Know the world's attracting mirror,
Most are by its light impaled;
Love of men, for love of favor,
Love of toil for love of ease,
All which prompts a good behavior,
A desire we have to please.

Most would ask for nothing better,
Can't their fallacy discern,
Change, they state, would virtue fetter,
They've a lesson yet to learn;

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Just withdraw this given impulse,
Those are changed by dire disease,
Where remains your given motive,
Nought to act for none to please.

Sure but dearly bought the lesson,
Point that's gained may pay the pain,
Hours and days of toil 'twill lessen,
Striving other ends to gain;
For 'tis vain to be aspiring,
Nature's laws if cast aside,
Others' good you seem desiring,
By His will you must abide.

Sooner then this fact 's adjusted,
Sooner then will cease your pain,
Every care to him entrusted,
Every point that you would gain;
Every end that's worth the conning,
Every truth that we can find,
Every thing that's worth believing,
Or worthy of a thoughtful mind.

Stop,—believe me, don't be thoughtless,
Rushing heedlessly along,
Just reflecting, see you're reckless,
Hidden by the moving throng,

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They have ends that seem progressive,
Still unto a hellish end,
Sin, the prompter, ends deceptive,
Satan's true and active friend.

Since we're born in an age of progress,
Let's progress to better ends,
Not so zealous to be thoughtless,
Not too cold to have no friends;
Since we have the iron horses,
Moved by steam, let's let them move,
Do our drudging, share our losses,
More our thoughts on things above.

Don't be engines forms that's human,
Have the shape if not the aim,
Bustling, puffing, state or showman,
Sound your trump with loud acclaim,
What the use of arts progressing,
If we drudge and toil the more,
Have no time to ask a blessing,
Nor to think, nor God adore.

As *monied men* we see achieving,
Ends they know not whither tends,
They prescribe, themselves deceiving,
Low their tide of thought descends;

Digitized by Google

Moving as another moment,
Were to be their all and last,
For the acme of achievement,
Worldly action till the last.

For some bright and youthful vision,
Is not quite, as yet, fulfilled,
Or another field is open,
Or some latent truth revealed.

For some mode of wealth achieving,
Great inducement to engage,
Some great good the heart desiring,
These the means to ends achieve,
Thus we roam from post to column,
Grasp the frieze and mount the dome,
Far outdo the ends desiring,
Musing, wandering, far from home.

Bravo—shout the crowd beneath us,
"Worthy action, well achieved,
You're a hero, woes distress us,
Oh, how oft my heart is grieved,"
Still we see them smiling assent,
Acts which lead what they condemn,
Often giving the preferment,
To the gross and scheming men,

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Praise the cause the end producing,
Which they often would deplore,
Less the good from ill deducing,
Right's retarded evermore ;
But these men, so high applauded,
Have been thinking on the right,
Ends achieved and all is lauded,
They have soared a dizzy height.

Form upright, but still they tremble,
Beecher, Howard, Pope, the same,
Cæsar, Tully, or Danrymple,
Find there's nothing in a name ;
First, perhaps, from highest motives,
Never sought what they acquired,
Others found their ends abortive,
Ne'er enjoyed what they aspired.

All they found a floating bauble,
Mere a castle in the air,
Nought to gain—all ends were futile,
Find no hope but in despair ;
Then, alack, we trust another,
Though we're forced with vain regret,
Forced to say, O Lord, our Father,
His decrees we must submit.

Digitized by Google

Who can claim the least of merit,
Must to him all power ascribe,
Great of parts or mind inherit,
We must by his laws abide,
Let's revolt from men that's scheming,
Eager all for paltry gain,
They succeed in ends achieving,
Soon they labor on with pain.

Though efficient in achievement,
That is well should be apprised,
And must needs to have preferment,
Lest they think their ends despised;
For to hope that in the future
Time—we will some work begin,
As fallacious thought we nurture,
We will raise and conquer sin.

For the wheels of time 's in motion,
Tolls our knell and mission here,
If we ever join in action,
Must be in another sphere;
Up and doing, yes, bestir thee,
Suit the action to the word,
Dreams—not action—works before thee,
Such conclusions low absurd.

Digitized by Google

Learn your calling, see what's needed,
That which's suited to your taste,
Press the end, the point's conceded,
Cool in action, without haste;
Thus shall close our repetition,
In few words may all be shown,
Trust in God, and use discretion,
All the means to ends are known.

Self exempt, except what's needed,
To your common wants supply,
Further more, the prayers unheeded,
All your labor will defy;
Else for other men or virtue,
Love of God and love of truth,
Love of light and human culture,
All exertion mere as dearth.

Let the light of Christ your beacon,
Shed a clear refulgent light,
Meekly to that goal we hasten,
Let us keep this mark in sight;
We'll enjoy the parting moments,
We perform our duty here,
Ne'er repine the soul's improvement,
Dwelling in anothsr sphere.

Digitized by Google

THE BADGE.

The badge of the day is the coin!
Through our weakness and folly and sin,
We overlook virtue and truth,
That the badge of the day we may gain.

At the chime of the dollar we start,
On the thoughts of the note we are mute,
Our badge makes seem right what is wrong,
Not even our own rights we dispute.

We are slaves to the gold of the mine,
We are slaves to ourselves and our kind,
And thraldom exists in our midst,
Than ourselves greater slaves can we find.

As distance makes fairer the view,
So woes in the distance appear,
And we choose that the theme be far-fetched,
Though we have the same subject quite near.

There's vampires that draw our heart's blood,
Like the horse leech will ever cry give,

Digitized by Google

And for fear that they lose off their badge,
They forget that 'tis vile to deceive.

Let the few who live at their ease,
Enjoy, be content if they can,
While nature's are drudging in pain,
With faces dejected and wan.

Though they've a fine heart in their breast,
That the love of the coin can't erase,
And however low in the scale,
Should stand at the head of the race.

The course of the tide, how it runs
Let custom direct as she please,
The true are worn out by their toil,
While the demons can revel in ease.

Such a course shall our children regret,
That a father indulge in extremes,
And that gold be the badge he would seek,
And to gain, would adopt any means.

Such a course tends to ruin and death,
And soon, if we closely pursue,

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And heed not the steps of our way,
To ourselves and our kind ever true.

Learn—fix the fact well in your mind,
The work to be done is at hand,
Though "distance lends enchantment to view,"
The evil exists in our land.

Aye, it stalks unrestrained at our door,
Perchance nearer still, in your breast,
The germ of the plant we would kill
Seems nurtured and nursed by the best.

We descant on the woes of the black,
When there's faces all whitened and sad,
If we but saw the faults of our own,
We could make them look cheerful and glad.

But alas! it will draw on the purse,
If the thought ever flash 'cross the mind,
But by chance 'tis but few of the best,
Ever cherish a thought of the kind.

What matter the means to the end,
If the final result is the same?

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There are few who may take the right view,
But most think 'tis all in a name.

If there's ever a slave in the land,
He is found at the shop and the mill,
For the course that he sees he must take,
Often makes him a slave to the *still*.

Confined to the dust and the smoke,
A machine he would seem at the best,
Under men whose whole aim is to suit,
Hardly fit to be classed with the rest.

Their task is to eat, sleep and work,
Their tale it is told and is brief,
Confined to a common routine,
With a slave to the coin as their chief.

A few may revolt or rebel,
Yet the odds which they have to contend,
They return as the fool to the stocks,
And cease the right course to defend.

Though the last let us be to repine,
Let's submit like a man to our fate,

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We've a right to know ways of all men,
Or their rights, or their sins to relate.

Now tell us, we see not your aim,
Nor descant on the thraldom afar,
While you cherish a thought in your breast,
That permits fairer natures to mar.

Let the bard, who can sing of the joy
From the sound of the whirl of the wheel,
Toil and drudge twelve or more weary hours,
Less the charm of the music he'll feel.

Its charm like a vision is gone,
With the real, the fancy will fly,
We find, after wearied with toil,
That its music is "all in the eye."

Though 'tis meet that we labor in part,
But how long, and for whom, and the end,
And who is to share all the spoil,
Is the point in dispute, we contend.

Shall a man that is slave to the dust,
So paltry and merely as dearth,

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But a link in the chain of our trade,
Direct all affairs of the earth ?

Be a God, and we bow to his shrine,
Crown him king, as our chief, all in all,
We would soon bear him out on a beir,
And let his notes serve as a pall.

If this is the badge he would wear
In life, it shall serve him in death;
What served in his life as a sword,
May serve him in death as a sheath.

For what we would toil is our bread,
For whom but the true and the brave,
For the end, but to break the strong chain
That binds any man as a slave.

A man there may be for the times,
Who is stern and strong for the right,
And espoused to the cause of the true,
Disarm freedom's foes of their might.

Who shall stand at the head of the state,
In glory triumphant his reign,

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Never swayed from the love of the coin,
Nor faltered from any design.

His coffers 'twould seem are replete,
By a rare freak of fortune were filled,
He doffed not his virtue as man,
Nor by tricks of a trade was he killed.

But he stands in his might as the brave,
He may sever the slave's galling band,
But the bonds are confined to no soil,
But are common all over our land.

But we now draw our theme to a close,
And to caution from bondage and strife,
Never haste for the badge of the day,
Nor have wealth the sole aim of your life.

Too strong is the chain, but thus it shall be,
The yoke it is galling to bear,
'Till we cease from our pride, and doff off our badge,
We will have this vile monster to fear.

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